

## BOAT OWNERS LOSE BY TAFT DECISION

War Labor Board Chairman Rules Employers Must Arbitrate Dispute.

**DENIES WAR IS ENDED**  
Says Wage Adjustment Board Cannot Dissolve by Its Own Action.

In a finding that he punctuated with hearty chuckles, William Howard Taft, joint chairman of the War Labor Board, told the boat owners of New York yesterday after a hearing in City Hall that they must submit to arbitration the dispute which has arisen between them and the thousands of marine workers. He found the issues raised by the boat owners in every claim they put up, as follows:

First—That they are bound by an arbitration agreement under which they are obligated during the period of the war to submit all differences concerning wages or conditions of labor involved in the operation of marine equipment to a board constituted as the agreement and its amendments legally acquiesced in by all parties provide.

Second—That the New York Harbor Wage Adjustment Board, which wanted to dissolve, cannot do so by its own recommendation or by resignation of its members, and that the vacancies thus created should be immediately filled by the appointing powers.

**DENIES WAR PERIOD IS ENDED.**

Third—That the period of the war is not ended, and hence the board should continue to function for which it was created.

Fourth—That if either party desires a modification of the existing award made by this board in July, it should proceed to apply for a revision before the board, as is provided in the award itself.

On these views, agreed to unanimously by the full War Labor Board, Mr. Taft said, make it unnecessary for his commission to take any further action.

The actual demands made by the marine engineers for more pay and eight hours did not come before Mr. Taft's board. As Basil M. Manly, the acting chairman stated, the hearing was for the purpose of determining why the employers and employees should not continue under the agreement of this summer, which would allow the New York Harbor Wage Adjustment Board to adjudicate any differences that should arise between the boat owners and their employees.

Representatives of the local board said it was willing to yield jurisdiction, but because of the seriousness of the situation, felt that some agency should settle the dispute. They then revised their schedule to eight hours.

"Now," Mr. Taft said, "it is objected that the period during which this contract is to last is ended. The term fixed is 'during the period of the war.' It is objected that there is an armistice, a suspension of hostilities, and that, in fact, the end of the war."

"The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that peace comes and war ends when the President has proclaimed peace under a treaty ratified by the Senate. Until then war, in its legal sense, continues."

"Nor is there any equitable ground for saying that the war is over. This agreement should certainly cover the present situation involving the transportation of troops, involving the sending across of relief for our allies in this war, the sending across of provisions for suffering peoples, the condition of whom might lead to a continuation of war on the other side; might produce a state of pestilence, further developing the awful condition of Bolshevism."

"Therefore we hold that the contract of submission was an amendment to a still in effect and binds the parties thereto, that it is the duty of the appointing powers when their action is properly invoked to supply vacancies which may have been created by the resignation of those who have recommended the dissolution of the board."

"The members of the board can't lift themselves by their boot straps. They can't dissolve a board that they didn't create."

**No Right to Appeal to Public.**

"What we think is that the parties ought to recognize these conclusions and ought to recognize the fact that the obligation of their contract stands to it. They have no right to appeal to the public for consideration of any sort when they are not complying with their own agreements."

"We find nothing in the facts stated that in any way relieves the parties to that agreement from the obligation to continue to comply with the award. Should the award be ill adapted to new conditions a revision of the award is provided in the award itself."

There was no conference of boat owners after their defeat. Those who were at the hearing said they will fight any demands for the eight hour day and will oppose the Government taking over control of the system. What probably now will be done is that a date for a hearing will be set by the New York board, the owners ignore it, then six parties to the controversy will be taken and an award given. Should this, too, be ignored, then an appeal to the United States Shipping Board to take a hand.

**ADVERTISING.**

**"THE COAT FEELS GOOD!"**

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## HOTEL MEN END SHOW IN A BLAZE OF LIGHT

Increased Business Seen in Success of Exposition.

The National Hotel Men's Exposition wound up its week of showing the world how to live palatially at Madison Square Garden in a final burst of incandescence last night. It was soldiers' and sailors' night, and every one in the service, one might say, wore his ticket of admission on his back. The khaki and dark blue uniforms mixed with the blue-gray of France, and flashes of gold and silver bars and gold braid and service stripes ran through the crowd like quicksilver. Altogether, what with the sparkling of the numerous exhibits it was no place for a sleepy eye.

This was only the outward representation of the bright hopes with which the hotel men face the future. Despite the fact that the prospect of prohibition sometimes made the tongues of the delegates parched and their heads feverish, an every hand during the week expressions of optimism were heard over the possibility of increased business this fall. The success of their exposition in itself was one of the reasons for their encouragement.

Some of the brilliant feelings, however, were subdued early in the day by the sudden death of one of the exhibitors. Hiram W. Baker, head of the H. W. Baker Lumber Company, 41 Worth street, which had one of the largest booths in the Garden, was taken suddenly ill at the banquet in the Hotel Manhattan on Friday. He went at once to his home at 144th street and Riverside Drive, where he died yesterday morning. Heart failure was given as the cause of death.

## SWANN BARES PAST OF TRACTION GIANT

Traffic Tricks, Subterfuges and Sub-leases Revealed in 6,000 Words.

District Attorney Swann, who in his role as chief prosecuting officer of the county of New York has made some energetic drives against the gamblers, has entered the field of finance. He has spread his wisdom gratuitously over a 6,000 word treatise entitled "The Traction Situation Analyzed and a Relief Proposed."

By way of explaining its length, possibly, he states in the opening: "We must ascertain the facts in the traction situation past and present, for the best prophet of the future is the history of the past. The history of the past performance of the traction interests, bequeathed as a rich legacy to their successors and as a reminder to a still suffering public, is the following record of achievement."

Then follows a discussion of "leases and sub-leases, combinations, consolidations, mergers and holding companies, the dictation of the dictators of honest business principles and the public interests."

As an indication of the painstaking character of the work this quotation will be illuminating:

"Who are the successors and assigns of these former owners of traction? We will analyze the situation by starting at the top and working down. We will, therefore, first address ourselves to a consideration of the Interborough Consolidated Corporation, for this is the big wheel within which the other wheels of traction revolve; it is of traction, but not in it."

"Let us see how this traction giant was born, or did it spring from original protoplasm?"

So the District Attorney proceeds to see.

"In 1905 one financier was in sole control of all the surface lines in Manhattan and The Bronx. In January, 1906, he organized the Interborough Metropolitan Company."

"It was not long after the Interborough Metropolitan Company acquired a suspension of hostilities, however, the condition of whom might lead to a continuation of war on the other side; might produce a state of pestilence, further developing the awful condition of Bolshevism."

"Therefore we hold that the contract of submission was an amendment to a still in effect and binds the parties thereto, that it is the duty of the appointing powers when their action is properly invoked to supply vacancies which may have been created by the resignation of those who have recommended the dissolution of the board."

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## FIRST U. S. FIGHTERS HOME FROM RUSSIA

27 Wounded Men Among the Baltic's Thousands Tell of Hunting Bolsheviks.

2,000 HERE ON FIVE SHIPS

British Hero of Furnace of Death at Ostend U-Base Narrates Modest Story.

The highest happiness which this life affords comes when a doughboy steps off a troopship and senses the fact that his No. 10 tan army shoes are actually resting on a solid Manhattan.

The Bolshevik is a hairy person, given largely to whiskers, a hooked nose, a small soul and a parched yellow skin drawn tightly across an anemic physical and spiritual make-up; also the Bolshevik believe that they should line themselves up at the ratio of ten to one against the enemy and then the minute the enemy appears, should run backward at a tremendous rate of speed.

Two thousand American and allied soldiers, of whom 1,000 were Americans, recently chased 50,000 Bolsheviks steadily backward for a distance of more than 155 miles.

The weather conditions in northern Russia are such that the American soldiers fighting there now have only two hours of real daylight in the twenty-four hour day. American soldiers chased the Bolsheviks over the snow in sleighs in September last.

Nineteen Bolshevik spies, seven of whom were women, were captured by American, British and French soldiers and lined up and shot just outside of Archangel on November 20 by an American firing squad, or before President Wilson and the Grand Exalted Sentimentalist Union of America had a chance to pardon the sneaky sons of guns American soldiers shot them, women and all, and gave three rousing cheers as they pulled the triggers.

**German Man Bolshevik Gun.**

All Bolshevik machine gun units are German. They are German uniforms. Many of the officers of the Bolshevik regiments are German officers.

Almost all of the Bolshevik soldiers whom the American soldiers have been up against are now in hell.

These and countless other indisputable facts were set out against when the good ship Baltic, of the White Star Line, docked at the foot of West Twentieth street, Manhattan, soon after the noon hour yesterday, the Baltic coming up the river and warping into her White Star berth amid an uproar of river whistles which to Manhattan is a reminder of the returning soldiers of the war.

For the first time since America entered and helped to end the war which the Allies had waged so bravely for four years, American soldiers who had fought the Bolsheviks amid the snows of northern Europe stepped ashore when the Baltic docked. They formed just a little group, numbering twenty-seven wounded privates in all, mostly from Michigan and Illinois—especially from Michigan—who were Russian fur caps, idiotic Russian beliefs, which they had taken away from Bolshevik prisoners, and clumsy Russian shoes.

The little group of American fighters in Russia—a unit of which next to nothing ever is heard—were originally, they said, a part of the 339th Infantry. When they landed in France many months ago, they expected, naturally, that they were to be sent to the western front to stop the German onrush. Instead they were separated from their command, shipped to England and then sent northward into the icy seas of summer to join the French and British in the great work of shooting sense into the Bolsheviks.

**Calla Bolshevik Cheap Cooties.**

"And those Bolsheviks are the cheapest cooties in the world," said Private Ernest M. Walker of Manhattan, Mich., on the White Star pier soon after the Baltic docked. "Some said they were twelve to fifteen to one against us—I'm certain they were at least ten to one against us—and the first day we faced them they began to run. Just after I was winged in the right arm and had to quit our papers I chased them 155 miles."

"We chased them so fast that our supplies couldn't keep up with us. Maybe that doesn't mean anything to the folks at home, either, but it means a hell of a lot to a soldier whose breakfast can't keep up with him. I used to see red every time I saw a bullet, cheap skates, who had no idea what they were fighting about, sent a bullet into a nice, clean American boy—the cheap, no good heaps of dirt."

**Reds Dirty and Treacherous.**

"As fighters they were as yellow as hell. If an American, British or French soldier with blue steel in hand came within two whoops and a holler of any one of them they threw up their hands and bleated like babies. Sometimes when we took pity on them and tried to treat them decently they'd watch their chance and try to get even by cutting the bellies of American, English and French boys who were bleeding beside them."

"What happened? Well, we were a long way from London, Paris, and especially Washington. We dealt with the devil devils without waiting for anybody to tell us the rules. Get me? Well, things like that happened we first told them that we were going to act decent accordingly. And if any one back home here doesn't like it they can lump it. Get me?"

All the Bolshevik officers, so far as the returning American soldiers who had fought in Russia could see, were Germans. All their machine gun crews were Germans. The Bolsheviks had no morale, no decency, no uniforms beyond a jacket which was common to their fighting forces. But they did have good fighting equipment—machine guns, rifles and automatics plus up to date ammunition—all of which was German made.

All sorts of folk stepped ashore from

## The Sun Calendar

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

**MINIATURE ALMANAC.**  
United States Coast and Geodetic Survey—Standard Time.  
Sun rises... 7:16 A.M. Sun sets... 4:32 P.M.  
Moon sets... 10:29 P.M.  
**HIGH WATER, THIS DAY.**  
Sandy Hook, 10:51 A.M. Gov. Island, 11:31 A.M.  
Hell Gate... 1:19 P.M.  
**LOW WATER, THIS DAY.**  
Sandy Hook, 1:21 P.M. Gov. Island, 4:07 P.M.  
Hell Gate... 5:38 P.M.

**ARRIVALS—SATURDAY, DEC. 21.**  
Ss Baltic, from London, Dec. 21.  
Ss Adolf Decker, Rotterdam, Oct. 21.  
Ss K. D. Luchemburg, Marseilles, Dec. 4.  
Ss Nordland, from London, Dec. 21.  
Ss Ojeda, Rio Grande do Sul, Nov. 4.  
Ss Andania, from London, Dec. 21.  
Ss Armando, Baltimore, Dec. 15.  
Ss Caribbea, Newport, Dec. 20.  
Ss Silvio Pellico, Norfolk, Dec. 20.

**ARRIVED FROM NEW YORK.**  
Ss British Star, at London.  
Ss Birmingham, at Port Said.  
Ss Berlin, at Rotterdam.  
Ss Algeria, at Dunkirk.  
Ss Gaulois, at Plymouth.  
Ss Eurypides, at Plymouth.  
Ss Kalomo, at Bombay.  
Ss Mentor, at Liverpool.  
Ss Albatross, at Southampton.  
Ss Comanche, at Jacksonville.  
Ss Madison, at Norfolk.  
Ss Pennsylvania, at Arthur, Tex.  
Ss Vesia, at Norfolk.

**SAILED FOR NEW YORK.**  
Ss Bovic, from Avonmouth.  
Ss Santa, from Gibraltar.  
Ss Santa, from Gibraltar.  
Ss Santa, from Gibraltar.  
Ss Santa, from Gibraltar.  
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**OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.**  
Ss Baltimore, to London, Dec. 22.  
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**INCOMING STEAMSHIPS.**  
Ss Baltimore, to London, Dec. 22.  
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**LOCAL WEATHER RECORDS.**  
Barometer... 30.04  
Thermometer... 34.3  
Wind... S.W.  
Precipitation... None  
Relative humidity... 74  
Direction of wind... S.W.  
Force of wind... 2 to 4  
Direction of surface wind... S.W.  
Force of surface wind... 2 to 4  
Direction of surface wind... S.W.  
Force of surface wind... 2 to 4

**EVENTS TO-DAY.**  
Peace banquet of the United Synagogue of America, Jewish Theological Seminary, 10 A.M.  
Talk on "The Inspiration of Victory" by Mr. William H. Murray, Bronx, 2 P.M.  
The annual meeting of the New York Public Library, 2 P.M.  
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## CUBIST ART AGAIN STIRS UP STRIFE

Red Cross Decorations in Fifth Avenue Afford Present Occasion.

SCHOOL IS RECOGNIZED

Other News and Views Gathered in Various Studios and Galleries.

By HENRY MURKIN.

The subject of cubism, it seems, still has the power to stir up strife, for there are some who feel toward cubists as they do toward Huns, that as long as there shall be one of them left on earth we will not have peace. The present agitation has been aroused by the decorations upon the Avenue for the Red Cross drive, cubists having been allowed to participate. Before I ever saw these questioned works of art my telephone bell began to ring, and passionate voices poured accusation and defiance into the porches of mine ear. I was urged to deny this profanation of the sacred way that had so recently been christened the "Avenue of the Allies" and was accused of exposing the political machinations of the wealthy but corrupt old-timers who had known how to prevent, through "bribe" and intrigue, the ardent and spiritual young cubists from truly expressing themselves.

This certainly was a how-to-do. There was nothing new about it. I saw the arches and this was said to be done, for, what with the Christmas shoppers, and what with the Red Cross drivers, the Avenue was fairly jammed, and progress difficult. However, I finally succeeded in obtaining a foothold at Forty-second street and Fifth Avenue, but before I had seen both sides of the arch a Red Cross driver—an irresistible blonde—approached and pinned a Red Cross button to my coat, abstracting a dollar before one could say "Jack Robinson."

This interruption, naturally, changed the whole current of my thought. I forgot the misgivings I had felt at first sight of the cubistic arch of triumph and lost myself in a contemplation of the drive. In less than a moment the Red Cross blonde had pinned six buttons on the coat-lapels of six art lovers—all of whom, I was near enough to gather, were objecting to the arch—and had relieved them of the required amount of cash. It was all very thrilling and illuminating.

So, before I was able to push my way to the other side of the arch, I had concluded that even if the arch were not all that cubists and academicians might desire, it was at least not a failure as a Red Cross device and all the more for the chorus of condemnation from the two divisions of the art committee might increase into a cause célèbre—the season needs a cause célèbre badly—vanished. For the Red Cross the affair was successful enough.

The other side of the arch was better but not good. Since the debate over the arch is likely to drop with the end of the drive, it is scarcely worth while criticizing it further than to say that what it needed most was an archaic interest. The chorus of condemnation from the two divisions of the art committee might increase into a cause célèbre—the season needs a cause célèbre badly—vanished. For the Red Cross the affair was successful enough.

The cubists, however, registered several successes up and down the Avenue. Mr. Weber's panel was the most unusual of all those in front of the library, and Mr. Walkowitz's painting for the window of the Kraushaar Gallery will have an interest for some time to come.

The Sargents and Thayers in the Knickerbocker Galleries take the most everything shown during the week. It seems quite like old times to be having Sargents and Thayers to review. The Thayers in particular look like the ghosts of old masters. They are curiously wraithlike. They hold you something—but what? The actual message received is astonishingly disconcerting, like those that appear on the slates of Boston seances.

I think I ought to consult Prof. Hyslop about this.

The Sargents, if we except the portrait of President Wilson, are not so spooky. Sargent is of the earth earthy. After that I should not, I think, speak at once of the portrait of Mrs. Moore. Mrs. Moore is still alive and much to be thought of. Besides, she is earthy. It is Sargent who is earthy. But in any case the portrait is one of Sargent's best, full of the sorts of things that the old boys of the Century Club are always recounting to their pupils when they happen to teach. There is a certain vigor and tenacity about it that glitters and shimmers and flashes that is radiant—I really must beg your pardon, Mrs. Moore, but you do so, don't you, that it's all Sargent's fault—but nothing so disturbing as a soul. It is painted with great skill and vim and Mrs. Moore has been given just as much importance in the picture as her teachers. But I think so handsome a lady ought to have felt hurt to have been so easily seized. The ladies to-day at least do not enjoy being outwitted and if they were Sargents, which there are not, the Wilson portraits, they would certainly not lend themselves to any such performance.

In advance of my consultation with Prof. Hyslop, I may say that I feel that Thayer was born ahead of his time. At heart I suspect he is a cubist. Certainly it is a fine abstraction that impels him. He began by loving the bluish tones of roses and he ends by calling his rose tones angels. He must labor appallingly over his things—there is every sign of intense nervous strain—and although the chief end of art is to conceal art, Thayer does have his reward—he makes the effect of being in earnest. The sympathetic observer in the face of so much effort succumbs and says with a certain reverence in the Knickerbocker are a compliment to the artist—the means is

**TWO DIE IN CAVE-IN NEAR ENRIGHT HOME**  
Tons of Earth Bury Men as Shoring Falls.

Twenty-five men were working forty feet below the street level of Eastern Parkway, 200 feet west of Washington avenue, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon, when, almost without warning, the shoring on the north bank gave way and an avalanche of earth fell toward them.

The cavern was accompanied by a roar which quickly caused a jam of excited people in the street above. Police reserves and an engine company were called. Thirty shovellers worked an hour before the bodies were recovered.

Benjamin Hook, an Assistant District Attorney, and Detectives Campbell and McLaughlin of the grand avenue station began an investigation. The work was being done by the International Continental Construction Company. The shoring extended up the wall which caved in for about eight feet to the bottom of the excavation, which is uncovered.

The cavern was almost exactly in front of the apartment house at 163 Eastern Parkway, where Police Commissioner Enright and his bride make their home.

for an angel, let it pass then for an angel."

But in the torture of getting a design the artist allows himself to put down the most impossible angel-wings in the history of art—and wings have hitherto been regarded as the easiest parts of angels. Life draws a distinct line around the face, turning it into a mask; he goes to pieces, quite, when drawing the arms; but the rose tones never desert him. He gets, by means of them, a mysterious light upon his pictures, and convinces, but does not explain why, that in his own mind rose tones and religion are curiously mixed up.

So Whistler is dead, quite dead. They have bits of his butterfly wings mounted on cardboard and shown under glass cases in the Arden Gallery exhibition. All of *Punch's* heaviest williams have been preserved with care, and one passe-partout contains a cigar-label, an auto advertisement and a clothing-house announcement, that have, responded, "associated interests as the easiest parts of angels. Life draws a distinct line around the face, turning it into a mask; he goes to pieces, quite, when drawing the arms; but the rose tones never desert him. He gets, by means of them, a mysterious light upon his pictures, and convinces, but does not explain why, that in his own mind rose tones and religion are curiously mixed up."

We must do something. Life is intolerable without hero-worship—and must it be confessed—gossip.

There is no one in all the vast world of art to talk about, now that Whistler has been effectively panned down under glass cases in the Arden Gallery.

How sad it is that Mary Garden is not an artist—I mean, of course, how sad it is that she is not a sculptress, or something. Gertrude Stein would buy as she had sculptured just as soon as she had carved them up, and Mary in that case would certainly love Gertrude's poetry. When Mary had arrived at the topmost round of the profession—that is to say, had got to the topmost round of the profession, there is no doubt about it, she is only human. And in that case, since Gertrude cannot stand uprightness there would be a falling out. What fun that would be! Mary would be sure to do things that would get on the front page. Gertrude would have the last word, for I would always have a little space for her on the back page.

But there is no use indulging in this sweet dream, since Mary Garden is not an artist—I mean an etcher.

When in Brooklyn some weeks ago studying Prof. Goodyear's photographs of architectural "refinement" the ancient Greek temple look well, I told him I was not shocked by his theory that medieval builders thought it pleasing to throw columns and plasters off the perpendicular, since I frequently found workmen to this day in Europe whose great aim in building was not to follow a rule, but to have the structure look well.

I told him a story that Gertrude Stein had told to me. She made some changes in her Paris apartment, due to the installation of a fire-place, and though the task was not an elaborate one, the French workmen consumed considerable time upon it, and Miss Stein not only got to know them well, but all of their relations, too, for at the noon hour all the family connection used to debate with great earnestness each step that was taken.

It was at one of these meetings—Miss Stein used to call them "her club"—that the head-workman said, "I don't care for the proposed changes. I'll have a better idea. One must satisfy the eye—a remark that Miss Stein thought was worth all the cost of the 'club'."

Prof. Goodyear heard this anecdote which bears remotely upon the theory he has worked so long to prove with an archaic interest. The chorus of condemnation from the two divisions of the art committee might increase into a cause célèbre—the season needs a cause célèbre badly—vanished. For the Red Cross the affair was successful enough.

Fancy that!

They have been telling a story for some time that the Players' Club that I do not recall having seen in print, it is in regard to the new statue of Edwin Booth that has recently been installed in Gramercy Park. At the time of the competition for the statue, so they say, when the designs were all on exhibition, a wonderful old lady descended from a window looking upon both a mold and a walking stick and entered to see the sketches. She studied